

# THE BARDSTOWN HERALD.

J. D. NOURSE, Editor

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND COMMERCE.

ELLIS & CO., Proprietors.

VOL. 1.

BARDSTOWN, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1851.

NO. 52.

## THE HERALD

Is published every Thursday Morning by

ELLIS & NOURSE,

At Two Dollars a year, in advance; or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents in six months; when all subscriptions are due.

As soon as we procure 600 subscribers we intend to enlarge our paper and print it on a mammoth sheet. Give us 150 more subscribers and we will give you a larger paper without any additional cost. That this district can and will support a Whole paper if our friends will only exert themselves in our behalf, we have not the least doubt; and we pledge ourselves to do all we can to make them a useful and entertaining sheet.

There being no postage to pay on the HERALD to the post-offices in the county, we think we offer sufficient inducements to the citizens of Nelson to extend to us a liberal patronage. To our friends in this congressional district we would say you cannot get a cheaper paper. We are satisfied that you can, with a little exertion, procure clubs of 10 in many towns and neighborhoods where only one or two copies are now taken.

### INDUCEMENTS TO CLUBS.

To Clubs of 10 we will furnish the HERALD for \$1.50 per copy.

To larger clubs we will make liberal reductions from the above rates. The money must invariably accompany the names of club subscribers.

Job-Work.—We have an extensive and well assorted Job-Office connected with our Newspaper Establishment, and are prepared to do any kind of Job-Printing in a superior style, at very low prices for cash.

Advertisements inserted on reasonable terms.

Transient Advertisements and Job-Work must be accompanied by the money.

## INSURANCE

BY THE

PROTECTION INSURANCE CO.

OF

HARTFORD, CONN.,

Incorporated 1825.

Capital Stock, Annual Premiums, and Western Fund,

\$1,000,000.

THE MERCHANTS and HOUSEHOLDERS of Bardstown and Nelson county are respectfully referred to the superior advantages offered for FIRE and MARINE Insurance by T. P. LINTHICUM, Esq., the duly authorized Agent of this Company.

By the Establishment, 26 years since of a Central Office at Cincinnati, for the prompt settlement of Western and South Western Losses, a careful selection of risks, the most unremitting attention to their dispersion, and prudence and economy in all its transactions, the Officers of this Company have had the satisfaction of seeing its usefulness and prosperity constantly upon the increase during a long period of years. Many other Companies have in the meantime failed to discharge their just liabilities, having been weakened and finally rendered bankrupt, by a reckless course of business.

Insurance Companies of this stamp and character are continually springing up in various parts of the country. It is not our purpose (by accepting premiums inadequate to cover average annual loss) to compete with such irresponsible offices, whose object would seem to be to collect a considerable sum from the operations of one or two seasons, divide the proceeds, and pay their losses, or not, as expediency may dictate. On the contrary, the Protection Insurance Company, of Hartford, will maintain its business upon a permanent and responsible basis, and thereby secure a continuance of the patronage which has hitherto been so liberally extended.

W. B. ROBBINS,

General Agent, Protection Insurance Co.

The undersigned, local Agent, is supplied with blank policies and renewal receipts, which will be issued, covering approved risks upon reasonable terms.

T. P. LINTHICUM,

Agent Pro. Ins. Co.,

For Bardstown and Nelson County.

Nov. 13, 1851.—48-2m.

I AM CONSTRAINED TO ASK THOSE INDEBTED TO ME TO MAKE PAYMENT AS SOON AS THEY CAN, and oblige,

AL. W. HYNES.

25 CANS BALTIMORE COVE OYSTERS; 18 do do Spiced do in store and for sale by dec4 COLLINGS & WELLS.

## P. S. BARBER & CO.

MANUFACTURERS

And Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Hats, Caps, and Fur Goods, 455 MAIN STREET, LOUISVILLE, KY.

We invite the attention of buyers, either at wholesale or retail, to our LARGE AND FRESH STOCK OF FALL GOODS for 1851, furnished by our different factories both in this city and the East.

We manufacture our own goods, originate our own styles, and the quantity of orders continually pouring in upon us from all parts of the country for our fine Hats is a sufficient evidence of the high estimation in which our Goods are held. We have no hesitation in saying that we manufacture a finer Hat, and of more beautiful proportions, than any other establishment in the United States.

The increase of our business, since the beginning of the present year, has placed us under the necessity of again enlarging our manufacturing means, and securing the services of an additional number of the most experienced workmen in the trade. We shall, therefore, at all times be prepared to supply the great demand for Hats of our own manufacture; and all in the trade may rely upon finding in our Warerooms a large stock of every article in our line than is to be found in any one Hat house in the Union.

Country merchants, on their way to the Eastern Markets, are particularly invited to give us a call in passing through our city. It is only necessary for them to see, in order to be convinced that our stock in quality, in variety and in prices is better adapted to the Western and Southwestern markets than any they can find in the world.

We shall be careful to study the particular tastes of our customers, the prompt execution of their orders, and all their wishes and instructions. From experience, we know the advantage of adhering to our old motto—

"Quick sales and small profits."

P. S. BARBER & CO.

The highest market price in cash paid for furs and peltries.

Nov. 13, 1851.

## THE BRITISH PERIODICALS

AND THE

FARMER'S GUIDE.

LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,

No. 54 GOLD ST., NEW YORK,

CONTINUE to publish the four leading British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Magazine; in addition to which they have recently commenced the publication of a valuable Agricultural work, called the "Farmer's Guide to Scientific and Practical Agriculture."

By HENRY STEPHENS, F. R. S., of Edinburgh, author of the "BOOK OF THE FARM," &c., &c.; assisted by JOHN P. NORTON, M. A., New Haven, Professor of Scientific Agriculture in Yale College, &c., &c.

This highly valuable work will comprise two large royal octavo volumes, containing over 1400 pages, with 18 or 20 splendid steel engravings, and more than 600 engravings on wood, in the highest style of the art, illustrating almost every implement of husbandry now in use by the best farmers; the best methods of ploughing, planting, haying, harvesting, &c., &c.; the various domestic animals in their highest perfection; in short, the pictorial feature of the book is unique, and will render it of incalculable value to the student of Agriculture.

The work is being published in Semi-monthly Numbers, of 64 pages each, exclusive of the Steel engravings, and is sold at 25 Cents each, or \$5 for the entire work in numbers, of which there will be at least twenty-two.

The British Periodicals Re-published are as follows, viz:

The London Quarterly Review (Conservative).

The Edinburgh Review (Whig).

The North British Review (Free Church).

The Westminster Review (Liberal).

AND

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine ( Tory ).

Although these works are distinguished by the political shades above indicated, yet but a small portion of their contents is devoted to political subjects. It is their literary character which gives them their chief value, and in that they stand conspicuously far above all other journals of their class. Blackwood, still under the masterly guidance of CHRISTOPHER NORTH, maintains its ancient celebrity, and is, at this time, unusually attractive, from the serial works of Bulwer and other literary notables, written for that magazine, and first appearing in its columns doth in Great Britain and in the United States. Such works as "The Captains" and "My New Novel" (both by Bulwer), "My Peninsular Medal," "The Green Hand," and other serials, of which numerous rival editions are issued by the leading publishers in this country, have been reprinted by those publishers from the pages of Blackwood, appearing in its new issue, at Messrs. Scott & Co. to that Subscribers to the Reprint of that Magazine may always rely on having the EARLIEST reading of these fascinating tales.

### TERMS.

For any one of the four Reviews	Per ann.
For any two do.	5.00
For any three do.	7.00
For all four of the Reviews,	8.00
For Blackwood's Magazine,	9.00
For Blackwood and three Reviews,	9.00
For Blackwood and the four Reviews,	10.00
For Farmer's Guide (complete in 22 Nos.)	5.00

(Payments to be made in all cases in Advance.)

### CLUBBING

A discount of twenty-five per cent. from the above prices will be allowed to Clubs ordering five or more copies of any one or more of the above works. Thus 4 copies of Blackwood or of one Review will be sent to one address for \$9; 4 copies of the four Reviews and Blackwood for \$30; and so on.

Orders from Clubs must be sent direct to the publishers, as no discount from these prices can be allowed to Agents.

Money, current in the States where issued, will be received at par.

Remittances and communications should be always addressed post-paid or franked, to the Publishers.

LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,

79 FULTON STREET, New York,

Entrance 54 Gold St.

## POETRY.

### SONG.

From the German of Theodore Körner.

"Through gloom and night the hand of love  
Can lead to realms of life and rest;  
Love can loose and love can bind,  
Love will seek and love will find  
Its way to every human breast,  
Hate and fury strive in vain  
To crush or chill his magic power;  
At his touch the wintry plain,  
Lone and dreary blooms again,  
Radiant as a summer bower,  
Ever beautiful and bright,  
Still on earth he deigns to roam;  
But in yonder realms of light,  
Where happy spirits wing their flight,  
Is his birthplace and his home."

From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

## TALES OF THE COAST-GUARD.

### PROMISE UNFULFILLED.

The *Rose* had been becalmed for several days in Cowes Harbor, and, utterly at a loss how else to cheat the time, I employed myself one afternoon in sauntering up and down the quay, whistling for a breeze, and listlessly watching the slow approach of a row-boat, bringing the mail and a few passengers from Southampton, the packet-cutter to which the boat belonged being as hopelessly immovable, except for such drift as the tide gave her, as the *Rose*. The slowness of its approach—for I expected a messenger with letters—added to my impatient weariness; and as, according to my reckoning, it would be at least an hour before the boat reached the landing-steps, I returned to the Fountain Inn in the High Street, called for a glass of negus, and as I lazily sipped it, once more turned over the newspapers lying on the table, though with scarcely a hope of coming athwart a line that I had not read half a dozen times before. I was mistaken. There was a "Cornwall Gazette" amongst them in which I had not before seen, and in one corner of it I lit upon this, to me in all respects, new and extremely interesting paragraph:—"We copy the following statement from a contemporary, solely for the purpose of contradicting it: 'It is said that the leader of the smugglers in the late desperate affray with the coast-guard in St. Michael's Bay was no other than Mr. George Polwhistle Hendrick, of Lostwithiel, formerly, as our readers are aware, a lieutenant in the royal navy, and dismissed the king's service by sentence of court-martial at the close of the war.' There is no foundation for this imputation. Mrs. Hendrick, of Lostwithiel, requests us to state that her son, from whom she heard but about ten days since, commands a first-class ship in the merchant navy of the United States."

I was exceedingly astonished. The court-martial I had not heard of, and having never overhauled the Navy List for such a purpose, the absence of the name of G. P. Hendrick had escaped my notice. What could have been his offence? Some hasty, passionate act, no doubt, for of misbehavior before the enemy, or of the commission of deliberate wrong, it was impossible to suspect him. He was, I personally knew, as eager as flame in combat; and his frank, perhaps heedless generosity of temperament, was abundantly apparent to every one acquainted with him. I had known him for a short time only; but the few days of our acquaintance were passed under circumstances which bring out the true nature of a man more prominently and unmistakably than might twenty-years of hum-drum every-day life. The varnish of pretension falls quickly off in presence of sudden and extreme peril—especially requiring presence of mind and energy to beat it back. It was in such a position that I recognized some of the high qualities of Lieutenant Hendrick. The two sloops of war in which we respectively served were consorts for awhile on the South African coast, during which time we fell in with a Franco-Italian privateer or pirate—for the distance between the two is so much more technical than real. She was too leeward when we sighted her, and not very distant from the shore, and so quickly did she shoal her water, that pursuit by either of the sloops was out of the question. Being a stout vessel of her class, and full of men, four boats—three of the *Scorpion's* and one of her consort's—were detached in pursuit. The breeze gradually failed, and we were fast coming up with our friend when he vanished behind a headland, on rounding which we found he had disappeared upon a narrow, winding river, of no great depth of water. We of course followed, and after about a quarter of an hour's hard pull found, on suddenly turning a sharp elbow of the stream, that we had caught a Tarter. We had, in fact, come

upon a complete nest of privateers—a rendezvous or depot they termed it. The vessel was already anchored across the channel, and we were flanked on each shore by a crowd of desperadoes, well provided with small arms, and with two or three pieces of light ordnance amongst them. The shouts of defiance with which they greeted us as we swept into the deadly trap were instantly followed by a general and murderous discharge of both musketry and artillery; and as the smoke cleared away I saw that the leading pinnace, commanded by Hendrick, had been literally knocked to pieces, and that the little living portion of the crew were splashing about in the river.

There was time but for one look, for if we allowed the rascals time to reload their guns our own fate would inevitably be a similar one. The men understood this, and with a loud cheer swept eagerly on towards the privateer, whilst the two remaining boats engaged the flanking shore forces, and I was soon involved in about the fiercest *melee* I ever had the honor to assist at. The furious struggle on the deck of the privateer lasted but about five minutes only, at the end of which all that remained of us were thrust over the side. Some tumbled into the boat; others, like myself, were pitched into the river. As soon as I came to the surface and had time to shake my ears and look about me, I saw Lieutenant Hendrick, who, the instant the pinnace he commanded was destroyed, had with equal daring and presence of mind swam towards a boat at the privateer's stern, cut the rope that held her with the sword he carried between his teeth, and forthwith began picking up his half-drowned boat's crew. This was already accomplished, and he now performed the same service for me and mine. This done, we again sprang at our ugly customer, he at the bow, and I about midships. Hendrick was the first to leap on the enemy's deck; and so fierce and well-sustained was the assault this time, that in less than ten minutes we were undisputed victors so far as the vessel was concerned. The fight on the shore continued obstinate and bloody, and it was not till we had twice discharged the privateer's guns amongst the desperate rascals that they broke and fled. The dashing, yet cool and skillful bravery evinced by Lieutenant Hendrick in this brief but tumultuous and sanguinary affair was admirably remarked upon by all who witnessed it, few of whom, while gazing at the sinewy, active form, the fine, pale, flashing countenance, and the dark, thunderous eyes of the young officer—if I may use such a term, for in their calmest aspect a latent volcano appeared to slumber in their gleaming depths—could refuse to subscribe to the opinion of a distinguished admiral, who more than once observed that there was no more promising officer in the British naval service than Lieutenant Hendrick.

Well, all this, which has taken me so many words to relate, flashed before me like a scene in a theatre, as I read the paragraph in the Cornish paper.—The *Scorpion* and her consort parted company a few days after this fight, and I had not since then seen or heard of Hendrick till now. I was losing myself in conjectures as to the probable or possible cause of so disgraceful a termination to a career that promised so brilliantly, when the striking of the bar-clock warned me that the mail-boat was by this time arrived. I sallied forth and reached the pier-steps just a minute or so before the boat arrived there. The messenger I expected was in her, and I was turning away with the parcel he handed me, when my attention was arrested by a stout, unwieldy fellow, who stumbled awkwardly out of the boat, and hurriedly came up the steps. The face of the human was pale, thin, hatchet-shaped, and anxious, and the gray, ferret eyes were restless and perturbed; whilst the stout, round body was that of a yeoman of the bulkiest class, but so awkwardly made up that it did not require any very lengthened scrutiny to perceive that the shrunken carcass appropriate to such a lanky and dismal visage occupied but a small space within the thick casing of padding and extra garments in which it was swathed. His light-brown wig, too, surmounted by a broad-brimmed hat, had got a little awry, dangerously revealing the scanty locks of iron-gray beneath. It was not difficult to run up these little items to a pretty accurate sum-total, and I had little doubt that the hasting and nervous traveller was fleeing either from a constable or a sheriff's officer. It was, however, no affair of mine, and I was soon busy with the letters just brought me.

The most important tidings they contained was that Captain Pickard—the master of a smuggling craft of some celebrity, called *Les Trois Freres*, in which for the last twelve months or more he had been carrying on a daring and successful trade throughout the

whole line of the southern and western coasts—was likely to be found at this particular time near a particular spot in the back of the Wight. This information was from a sure source in the enemy's camp, and it was consequently with great satisfaction that I observed indications of the coming on of a breeze, and in all probability a stiff one. I was not disappointed; and in less than an hour the *Rose* was stretching her white wings beneath a brisk north-wester over to Portsmouth, where I had some slight official business to transact previous to looking after friend Pickard. This was speedily despatched, and I was stepping into the boat on my return to the cutter, when a panting messenger informed me that the port-admiral desired to see me instantly.

"The telegraph has just announced," said the admiral, "that Sparkes, the defaulter, who has for some time successfully avoided capture, will attempt to leave the kingdom from the Wight, as he is known to have been in communication with some of the smuggling gentry there. He is supposed to have a large amount of government moneys in his possession; you will therefore, Lieutenant Warneford, exert yourself vigilantly to secure him."

"What is his description?" "Mr. James," replied the admiral, addressing one of the telegraph clerks, "give Lieutenant Warneford the description transmitted." Mr. James did so, and I read: "Is said to have disguised himself as a stout countryman; wears a blue coat with bright buttons, buff waistcoat, a brown wig, and a Quaker's hat. He is of a slight, lanky figure, five feet nine inches in height. He has two pock-marks on his forehead, and lisps in his speech."

"By Jove, sir," I exclaimed, "I saw this fellow only about two hours ago!" I then briefly related what had occurred, and was not to lose a moment in hastening to secure the fugitive.

The wind had considerably increased by this time, and the *Rose* was soon again off Cowes, where Mr. Roberts, the first mate, and six men, were sent on shore with orders to make the best of his way to Bonchurch, about which spot I knew, if anywhere, the brown-wigged gentleman would endeavor to embark,—whilst the *Rose* went round to intercept him seaward; which she did at a spanking rate, for it was now blowing half a gale of wind. Evening had fallen before we reached our destination, but so clear and bright with moon and stars that distant objects were as visible as by day. I had rightly guessed how it would be, for we had no sooner opened up Bonchurch shore or beach than Roberts signalled us that our man was on board the cutter running off at about a league from us in the direction of Cape La Hague. I knew, too, from the cutter's build, and the cut and set of her sails, that she was no other than Captain Pickard's boasted craft, so that there was a chance of killing two birds with one stone. We evidently gained, though slowly, upon *Les Trois Freres*; and this, after about a quarter of an hour's run, appeared to be her captain's own opinion, for he suddenly changed his course, and stood towards the Channel Islands, in the hope, I doubted not, that I would not follow him in such weather as was likely to come on through the dangerous intricacies of the iron-bound coast about Guernsey and the adjacent islets. Master Pickard was mistaken; for knowing the extreme probability of being led such a dance, I had brought a pilot with me from Cowes, as well acquainted with Channel navigation as the smuggler himself could be. *Les Trois Freres*, it was soon evident, was now upon her best point of sailing, and it was all we could do to hold our own with her. This was vexatious; but the aspect of the heavens forbade me showing more canvas, greatly as I was tempted to do so.

It was lucky I did not. The stars were still shining over our heads from an expanse of blue without a cloud, and the full moon also lay yet held her course unobscured, but there had gathered round her a glittering halo-like ring, and away to windward huge masses of black cloud, piled confusedly on each other, were fast spreading over the heavens. The thick darkness had spread over about half the visible sky, presenting a singular contrast to the silver brightness of the other portion, when suddenly a sheet of vivid flame broke out of the blackness, instantly followed by deafening explosions, as if a thousand cannons were bursting immediately over our heads. At the same moment the tempest came leaping and hissing along the white-crested waves, and struck the *Rose* a-beam with such terrible force that for one startling moment I doubted if she would right again. It was a vain fear; and in a second or two she was tearing through the water at a tremendous rate. *Les Trois Freres* had not been so lucky; she had carried away her topmast, and

sustained other damage; but so well coasts—was likely to be found at this particular time near a particular spot in the back of the Wight. This information was from a sure source in the enemy's camp, and it was consequently with great satisfaction that I observed indications of the coming on of a breeze, and in all probability a stiff one. I was not disappointed; and in less than an hour the *Rose* was stretching her white wings beneath a brisk north-wester over to Portsmouth, where I had some slight official business to transact previous to looking after friend Pickard. This was speedily despatched, and I was stepping into the boat on my return to the cutter, when a panting messenger informed me that the port-admiral desired to see me instantly.

Fine and light as the night had again become, the attempt, blowing as it did, was a perilous, and proved to be a fatal one. *Les Trois Freres* struck upon a reef on the side of Jethou—a rock with then but one poor habitation upon it, which one might throw a biscuit over; and by the time the *Rose* had brought up in the Guernsey Roads, the smuggler, as far as could be ascertained by our night-glasses, had entirely disappeared. What had become of the crew and the important passenger was the next point to be ascertained; but although the wind had by this time somewhat abated, it was not, under the pilot's advice, till near eight o'clock that the *Rose's* boat, with myself and a stout crew, pulled off for the scene of catastrophe. We needed not to have hurried ourselves. The half-drowned smugglers, all but three of whom had escaped with life, were in a truly sorry plight, every one of them being more or less maimed, bruised, and bleeding. *Les Trois Freres* had gone entirely to pieces, and as there was no possible means of escape from the desolate place, our arrival, with the supplies we brought, was looked upon rather as a deliverance than otherwise. To my inquiries respecting their passenger, the men answered by saying he was in the house with the captain. I immediately proceeded thither, and found one of the two rooms on the ground-floor occupied by four or five of the worst injured of the contrabandists, and the gentleman I was chiefly in pursuit of, Mr. Samuel Sparkes. There was no mistaking Mr. Sparkes, notwithstanding he had substituted the disguise of a sailor for that of a jolly agriculturist.

"You are, I believe, sir, the Mr. Samuel Sparkes for whose presence certain personages in London are just now rather anxious?" His deathly face grew more corpse-like as I spoke, but he nevertheless managed to stammer out: "No; Jameth Edward, thir."

"At all events, that pretty lip, and those two marks on the forehead, belong to Samuel Sparkes, Esquire; and you must be destined till you satisfactorily explain how you came by them.—Stevens, take this person into close custody, and have him searched at once. And now, gentlemen smugglers," I continued, "pray inform where I may see your renowned captain?"

He is in the next room," replied a decent-tongued chap sitting near the fire; "and he desired me to give his compliments to Lieutenant Warneford, and say he wished to see him alone."

"Very civil and considerate, upon my word! In this room, do you say?" "Yes, sir; in that room." I pushed open a rickety door, and found myself in a dingy hole of a room, little more than about a couple of yards square, at the further side of which stood a lithe, sinewy man in a blue pea-jacket, and with a fur-cap on his head. His back was towards me; and as my entrance did not cause him to change his position, I said: "You are Captain Pickard, I am informed?"

He swung sharply round as I spoke, threw off his cap, and said briefly and sternly: "Yes, Warneford, I am Captain Pickard."

The sudden unmasking of a loaded battery immediately in my front could not have so confounded and startled me as these words did, as they issued from the lips of the man before me. The curling black hair, the dark flashing eyes, the marble features, were those of Lieutenant Hendrick—of the gallant seaman whose vigorous arm I had seen turn the tide of battle against desperate odds on the deck of the privateer!

"Hendrick!" I at length exclaimed, for the sudden inrush of painful emotion choked my speech for a time—"can it indeed be you?"

"Ay, truly, Warneford. The Hendrick of whom Collingwood prophesied high things is fallen thus low; and worse remains behind. There is a

price set upon my capture, as you know; and escape is, I take it, out of the question." I comprehended the slow, questioning tone in which the last sentence was spoken, and the keen glance that accompanied it. Hendrick, too, instantly read the decisive though unspoken reply.

"Of course it is out of the question," he went on. "I was but a fool to even seem to doubt that it was. You must do your duty, Warneford, I know; and since this fatal mishap was to occur, I am glad for many reasons that I have fallen into your hands."

"So am not I; and I wish with all my soul you had successfully threaded the passage you essayed."

"The fellow who undertook to pilot us failed in nerve at the critical moment. Had he not done so, *Les Trois Freres* would have been long since beyond your reach. But the past is past, and the future of dark and bitter time will be swift and brief."

"What have you especially to dread? I know a reward has been offered for your apprehension, but not for what precise offence?"

"The unfortunate business in St. Michael's Bay."

"Good God! The newspaper was right then! But neither of the wounded men have died, I hear, so that—that!"

"The mercy of transportation may, you think, be substituted for the capital penalty." He laughed bitterly.

"Or—or," I hesitatingly suggested, "you may not be identified—that is, legally so."

"Easily, easily, Warneford, I must not trust to that rotten cable. Neither the coast-guard nor the fellows with me know me indeed as Hendrick; ex-lieutenant of the royal navy; and that is a secret you will, I know, religiously respect."

I promised to do so: the painful interview terminated; and in about two hours the captain and surviving crew of *Les Trois Freres* and Mr. Samuel Sparkes, were safely on board the *Rose*. Hendrick had papers to arrange; and as the security of his person was all I was responsible for, he was accommodated in my cabin, where I left him, to confer with the Guernsey authorities, in whose bailiwick Jethon is situated. The matter of jurisdiction—the offences with which the prisoners were charged having been committed in England—was soon arranged; and by five o'clock in the evening the *Rose* was on her way to England, under an eight-knot breeze from the south-west.

As soon as we were fairly under weigh, I went below to have a last conference with unfortunate Hendrick. There was a parcel on the table directed to "Mrs. Hendrick, Lostwithiel, Cornwall—care of Lieutenant Warneford." Placing it in my hands, he entreated me to see it securely conveyed to its address unexamined and unopened. I assured him that I would do so; and tears, roughly dashed away, sprang to his eyes as he grasped and shook my hand. I felt half-choked; and when he again solemnly adjured me, under no circumstances, to disclose the identity of Captain Pickard and Lieutenant Hendrick, I could only reply by a sea-man's hand-grip, requiring no additional pledge of words.

We sat silently down, and I ordered some wine to be brought in. "You promised to tell me," I said, "how all this unhappy business came about."

"I am about to do so," he answered. "It is an old tale, of which the last black chapter owes its color, let me frankly own, to my own hot and impatient temper as much as to a complication of adverse circumstances." He poured out a glass of wine, and proceeded at first slowly and calmly, but gradually, as passion gathered strength and way upon him, with flushed and impetuous eagerness to the close:

"I was born near Lostwithiel, Cornwall. My father, a younger and needy son of no profession, died when I was eight years of age. My mother has about eighty pounds a year in her own right, and with that pittance, helped by self-denial, unfelt because endured for her darling boy, she gave me a sufficient education, and fitted me out respectably; when, thanks to Pellow, I obtained a midshipman's warrant in the British service. This occurred in my sixteenth year. Dr. Redstone, at whose 'High School' I acquired what slight classical learning, long since forgotten, I once possessed, was married in second nuptials to a virago of a wife, who brought him, besides her precious self, a red-headed cub by a former marriage. His, the son's name, was Kershaw. The doctor had one child about my own age, a daughter, Ellen Redstone. I am not about to prate to you of the bread-and-butter sentiment of mere children, nor of Ellen's wonderful graces of mind and person: I doubt, indeed, if I thought her very pretty at the time; but she was meekness itself, and my boy's heart used, I well remember, to leap as it would burst submission to the tyranny of her mother-in-law; and one of the greatest pleasures I ever experienced was giving young Kershaw, a much bigger fellow than myself, a good thrashing for some brutality towards her—an exploit that of course rendered me a remarkable favorite with the great bumpkin's mother."

"Well, I went to sea, and did not again see Ellen till seven years afterwards, when during absence 'on sick leave,' I met her at Penzance, in the neighborhood of which place the doctor

had for some time resided. She was vastly improved in person, but was still meek, dove-eyed, gentle Ellen, and pretty Ellen, and pretty nearly as much abused by her mother-in-law as formerly. Our child-acquaintance was renewed; and, suffice it to say, that I soon came to love her with a fervency surprising even to myself. My affection was reciprocated; we pledged faith with each other; and it was agreed that at the close of the war, whenever that should be, we were to marry, and dwell together like turtle-doves in the pretty hermitage that Ellen's fancy loved to conjure up, and with her voice of music untiringly dilate upon. I was again at sea, and the answer to my first letter brought the surprising intelligence that Mrs. Redstone had become quite reconciled to our future union, and that I might consequently send my letters direct to the High School. Ellen's letter was prettily expressed enough, but somehow I did not like its tone. It did not read like her spoken language at all events. This however must, I concluded, be mere fancy; and our correspondence continued for a couple of years—till the peace in fact—when the frigate, of which I was now second-lieutenant, arrived at Plymouth to be paid off. We were awaiting the admiral's inspection, which for some reason or other was unusually delayed, when a bag of letters was brought on board, with one for me bearing the Penzance postmark. I tore it open, and found that it was subscribed by an old and intimate friend. He had accidentally met with Ellen Redstone for the first time since I left. She looked thin and ill, and in answer to his persistent questioning, had told him she had only heard once from me since I went to sea, and that was to renounce our engagement; and she added that she was going to be married in a day or two to the Rev. Mr. Williams, a dissenting minister of fair means and respectable character. My friend assured her there must be some mistake, but she shook her head incredulously; and with eyes brimful of tears, and shaking voice, bade him, when he saw me, say that she freely forgave me, but that her heart was broken. This was the substance, and as I read, a hurricane of dismay and rage possessed me. There was not, I felt, a moment to be lost. Unfortunately the captain was absent, and the frigate temporarily under the command of the first-lieutenant. "You knew lieutenant—?"

"I did, for one of the most cold-blooded martinet that ever trod a quarter-deck."

"Well, him I sought, and asked temporary leave of absence. He refused. I explained, hurriedly, imploringly explained the circumstances in which I was placed. He sneeringly replied, that sentimental nonsense of that kind could not be permitted to interfere with the king's service. You know, Warneford, how naturally hot and impetuous is my temper, and at that moment my brain seemed literally a-flame: high words followed, and in a transport of rage I struck the taunting coward a violent blow in the face—following up the outrage by drawing my sword, and challenging him to instant combat. You may guess the sequel.—I was immediately arrested by the guard, and tried a few days afterwards by court-martial. Ekmouth stood my friend, or I know not what sentence might have been passed, and I was dismissed from the service."

"I was laid up for several weeks by fever about that time," I remarked; "and it thus happened, doubtless, that I did not see any report of the trial."

"The moment I was liberated I hastened, literally almost in a state of madness, to Penzance. It was all true, and I was too late! Ellen had been married something more than a week. It was Kershaw and his mother's doings. Him I half-killed; but it is needless to go into details of the frantic violence with which I conducted myself. I broke madly into the presence of the newly-married couple:—Ellen swooned with terror, and her husband, white with consternation, and trembling in every limb, had barely, I remember, sufficient power to stammer out, 'that he would pray for me.' The next six months is a blank. I went to London; fell into evil courses, drank, gambled; heard after awhile that Ellen was dead—the shock of which partially checked my downward progress—partially only. I left off drinking, but not gambling, and ultimately I became connected with a number of respectable persons, amongst whom was your prisoner Sparkes. He found part of the capital with which I have been carrying on the contraband trade for the last two years. I had, however, fully determined to withdraw myself from the dangerous though exciting pursuit. This was to have been my last trip; but you know," he added, bitterly, "it is always upon the last turn of the dice that the devil wins his victim."

He ceased speaking, and we both remained silent for several minutes.—What on my part could be said or suggested?

"You hinted just now," I remarked after awhile, "that all your remaining property was in this parcel. You have, however, of course reserved sufficient for your defence?"

A strange smile curled his lip, and a wild, brief flash of light broke from his dark eyes, as he answered: "O yes; more than enough—more, much more than will be required."

"I am glad of that." We were again silent, and I presently exclaimed: "Suppose we take a turn on deck—the heat here stifles one."

"With all my heart," he answered, and we both left the cabin.

We continued to pace the deck side by side for some time without interchanging a syllable. The night was beautifully clear and fine, and the cool breeze that swept over the star and moon lit waters gradually allayed the feverish nervousness which the unfortunate lieutenant's narrative had excited.

"A beautiful, however illusive world," he by and by sadly resumed, "this Death—now so close at my heels—wrenches us from. And yet you and I, Warneford, have seen men rush to encounter the King of Terrors, as he is called, as readily as if summoned to a bridal."

"A sense of duty, and a habit of discipline will always overpower, in men of our race and profession, the vulgar fear of death."

"Is it not also, think you, that the greater fear of disgrace, dishonor in the eyes of the world, which outweighs the lesser dread?"

"No doubt that has an immense influence. What would our sweethearts, sisters, mothers say if they heard we had turned craven? What would they say in England? Nelson well understood this feeling, and appealed to it by his last great signal."

"Ay, to be sure," he musingly replied; "what would mothers say—feel rather—at witnessing their sons' dishonor? That is the master chord." We once more relapsed into silence, and after another dozen or so turns on the deck, Hendrick seated himself on the combings of the main hatch-way. His countenance, I observed, was still pale as marble, but a livelier, more resolute expression had gradually kindled in his brilliant eyes. He was, I concluded, nowing himself to meet the chances of his position with constancy and fortitude.

"I shall go below again," I said. "Come; it may be some weeks before we have another glass of wine together."

"I will be with you directly," he answered, and I went down. He did not, however, follow, and I was about calling him, when I heard his step on the stairs. He stopped at the threshold of the cabin, and there was a flush of intensity of expression about his face which quite startled me. As if moved by second thoughts, he stepped in. "One last glass with you, Warneford: God bless you!" He drained and set the glass on the table. "The lights at the corner of the Wight are just made," he hurriedly went on. "It is not likely I shall have an opportunity of again speaking with you; and let me again hear you say that you will under any circumstances keep secret from all the world—my mother especially—that Captain Pickard and Lieutenant Hendrick were one person."

"I will but; why?"

"God bless you!" he broke in. "I must on deck again."

He vanished as he spoke, and a dim suspicion of his purpose arose in my mind; but before I could act upon it, a loud confused outcry arose on the deck, and as I rushed up the cabin stairs, I heard, amidst the hurrying to and fro of feet, the cries of "Man overboard!"—"Bout ship!"—"Down with the helm!" The cause of the commotion was soon explained: Hendrick had sprang overboard; and looking in the direction pointed out by the man at the wheel, I plainly discerned him already considerably astern of the cutter. His face was turned towards us, and the instant I appeared he waved one arm wildly in the air: I could hear the words, "Your promise!" distinctly, and the next instant the moonlight played upon the spot where he had vanished. Boats were lowered, and we passed and repassed over and near the place for nearly half an hour. Vainly: he did not reappear!

I have only further to add, that the parcel intrusted to me was safely delivered, and that I have reason to believe that Mrs. Hendrick remained to her last hour ignorant of the sad fate of her son. It was her impression, induced by his last letter, that he was about to enter the South-American service under Cochran, and she ultimately resigned herself to a better fate than he had met a brave man's death. My promise was scrupulously kept, nor is it by this publication in the slightest degree broken; for both the names of Hendrick and Pickard are fictitious, and so is the place assigned as that of the lieutenant's birth. That rascal Sparkes, I am glad to be able to say—chasing whom glad me an actor in the melancholy affair—was sent over the herring-pond for life.

DIED,  
In Louisville, Dec 7th 1851, Mr. HENRY SIMMONS, in the 44th year of his age.

Death has claimed another victim; leaving a wife and five little ones to weep over his untimely grave. A devout member of the Catholic church, and an honest, sincere christian, he knew that.

"When faith is strong, and conscience clear  
And words of peace the spirit cheer,  
And visioned glories half appear,  
'Tis joy, 'tis triumph then to die!"

L.

**THE HERALD.**  
THURSDAY MORNING. : : : DEC. 11. 1851.

(All Letters addressed to the Editor must be pre-paid.)  
(Single copies of the HERALD for sale at Office. Price, 5 cents.)

**TO POETS.**  
OUR DEVIL says he will give a copy of the *Bardstown Herald* to the person presenting him with the best "New Year's Address," before the 25th inst. The selection to be made by the editor.

We noticed a short time ago in the proceedings of the Senate of Kentucky, a very brief paragraph which has probably attracted very little attention, and yet it had reference to a matter of perhaps more intrinsic importance than anything else that has been before the Legislature during the present session. Mr. Hardin reported that the petition of certain persons, that the Legislature would make a small appropriation to aid in colonizing the free negroes of Kentucky in Africa ought to be rejected. The report was promptly concurred in by the Senate without one word of protest or discussion. We deeply regret to see such a disposition made of a question of such magnitude by the representatives of an enlightened and humane people. It places Kentucky in very unfavorable contrast with some of her sister States of the South. For some years Maryland has made an annual appropriation to the cause of colonization; the exact amount we do not now recollect. We know that in one year the Legislature of Virginia appropriated thirty-thousand dollars on certain conditions, to the same noble enterprise. It has always seemed to us that colonization was the precise ground upon which truly philanthropic men, North and South, might cordially unite and cooperate. It is equally removed from the two opposite extremes of opinion upon the subject of slavery and the relations of the two sections of the Union. It might, if conducted on a large scale, facilitate private and voluntary emancipation, and thus gradually and quietly diminish slavery, but it does not in the slightest degree disturb or even threaten the rights of property in the slaveholder, and gives no countenance whatever to the anti-slavery fanaticism.

**TO OUR PATRONS.**  
This number closes the first volume of the *Bardstown Herald*, and we tender our thanks to those who have favored us with their patronage, and desire that it may not only be continued, but increased.

During the past year we have received sufficient encouragement to induce us to enlarge the *HERALD* to Mammoth size: to enable us to do so, and pay up some small debts we owe, it is necessary for us to collect, if not all, a greater part of the money due the firm for Subscriptions, Advertisements and Job-work. It is also our intention to make such additions to our *Job Office* as will enable us to do *JOE WORK* as neatly and expeditiously and at as low prices as it can be done at any office in the State.

The 2nd volume of the *HERALD* will commence on the 24th inst.

TERMS: \$2 per annum, if paid in advance, and \$2 50 will be the price if payment be delayed 6 months. Clubs: three copies for \$5; ten copies \$15; twenty copies \$25; thirty copies \$30. The money must always accompany the names of club subscribers.

Our friends in the country who want good Plows or any kind of Blacksmith work done to their liking, will not forget our fellow-citizen PETER LYDANNE, on Market Street, west of the Court-House.

It is with pleasure that we give place in our paper to the Prospectus of our old acquaintance the *Saturday Evening Post*, so well known as one of the best literary papers on the continent.

We have received the January number of *GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK*.—It is exquisitely beautiful. Godey has surpassed himself this time, a rather difficult feat. The reading matter is excellent, blending the useful and instructive with the beautiful, and entertaining.

We would call attention to the advertisement of Messrs. EDWARD TAYLOR & JOHN Z. AULD, who are prepared to carry on the Blacksmith business very extensively.

We cheerfully comply with the request of our Democratic friends to publish their proceedings last Monday. We are sure that nothing in the preamble and resolutions can do our cause any harm.

At a meeting of the Democracy of Nelson county at the Court-house in Bardstown, Monday, the 8th day of December, 1851, (it being county court day,) REDMAN B. GRIGSBY was called to the Chair, and W. SAMUELS Esq., appointed Secretary. The object of the meeting being explained by the President, on motion of R. Logan Wickliffe, Esq., the following committee was appointed to prepare resolutions in accordance with the wishes of the meeting; to-wit: R. Logan Wickliffe, J. C. Bailey and Col. D. Dugan, who, after having retired for a short time, reported as follows:

WHEREAS, "The Democratic party has ever been distinguished for its nationality, the corner stone principles upon which it rests, the foundation upon which it is reared, and the basis which sustains and upholds the noble structure are preeminently national in their character, scope and design, limited to no single State, circumscribed by no peculiar party, they are suited to all States and are fitted for all sections;" and it is important that the Democracy of Kentucky follow up the late victory in August last by vigilance and concerted action; and that this county should be represented in the approaching Democratic Convention to be held in Frankfort in January next, for the purpose of appointing Delegates to the National Convention to choose candidates for President and Vice President of the United States.

Resolved, That our Delegates be free and untrammelled in choosing candidates, and that we will support the nominees of the National Convention as we have every confidence that the members of that convention will select candidates sound and true upon the great national questions and principles of the Democratic party.

The following delegates were then chosen, to-wit: Hon. C. A. Wickliffe, S. B. Merrifield, R. B. Grigsby, John Samuels, Wilson Samuels, Wm. Morgan, John Dawson, Lewis Styles, Geo. W. Pottenger, J. C. Bailey, Col. D. Dugan, R. Logan Wickliffe, John Morton, Jno. Marnell, Ralph Cotton, John Brown, Dr. A. Bodine, J. Cartmell, Dr. A. Muir, Major Spence Minor, and Dr. C. P. Mattingly.

It was further Resolved, That any Democrat of this county who may find it convenient to attend said convention be considered as a delegate from this county.

Resolved, That the *Bardstown Herald*, Louisville Democrat and Kentucky Yeoman, be requested to publish these proceedings.

The meeting then adjourned.

R. B. GRIGSBY, President.  
WILSON SAMUELS, Sec'y.

—We have heard but one opinion expressed relative to the Concerts of Messrs. RUPPIUS, PLATGE and BOENSCH, and that is, that their performance is of a very high order of musical excellence.

Messrs ROBERTSON and JAMES, Representatives from Fayette, constructing a portion of the letter of Mr. Marshall, which will be found in another column, as an intimation that they had been influenced by Mr. CLAY to vote against Mr. CRITTENDEN, come out in the Commonwealth with an emphatic denial that they have had any communication whatever with Mr. Clay upon the subject. We understand Mr. Marshall as merely referring to the impression that might be made upon the public mind by the fact that the representatives from Fayette have voted against Mr. Crittenden. We have never believed that Mr. Clay has had anything to do with the Senatorial election, and we are glad to be fully confirmed in this opinion by the statement of the two gentlemen from Fayette.

Our friend BOOTH, Telegraph Operator, Daguerrean Artist and Book Merchant, can always be found at the Telegraph Office, south side of Arch street. He is prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage in any of his lines of business. His stock of Books will arrive in a few days.

Maj. J. WOOD WILSON has some six or eight hundred Acres of Land on Cox's Creek for sale. It is said to be equal in point of quality to any land in the county. He has recently succeeded by sinking a well in obtaining Water sufficient for all the neighborhood. His well having about 20 feet water during the present dry time.—The Houses and Lots he offers for sale are large and commodious.—See advertisement in another column.

As there will be no paper published until the 24th inst., those who wish to have any job Printing done, will please leave their orders at our office.

We have on hand a variety of Blanks, which we will sell at from 25 to 60 cents per quire.

A strong effort is being made at Frankfort to cut off that part of our County Northeast of Bloomfield and attach it to Spencer. We shall try to be resigned to the will of the Legislature.

**NEW YORK**  
**Life Insurance Company.**  
Accumulated Capital \$360,000.  
MORRIS FRANKLIN, PRESIDENT.

THIS COMPANY is one of the most respectable and responsible in the United States. The business is conducted on the mutual system purely, dividends being made annually on all Policies for life, and become part of the accumulated capital, on which such interest is paid as the Board of Trustees may declare. Individual risks are taken for any amount not exceeding \$10,000. The Company has been in successful operation for many years, during which time it has issued more than 7000 Policies; and after paying large sums to widows, orphans, and creditors, has now an accumulated fund of \$360,000.

The beneficial results of Life Insurance must be apparent to all. Every man whose income is uncertain, the merchant, the clergyman, the lawyer, the physician, the farmer and the mechanic should lay up annually in the form of a life premium, such a sum as will, at his death, at least protect his family from want and give to his children the means of education. The creditor who depends for payment upon the life of his debtor will find in a life policy his best and often his only security. The business man whose engagements involve his friends, as lenders, endorser on sureties in any shape can in no way protect them so effectually as by taking out a policy of insurance on his own life.

Instances are numerous in Kentucky in which the advantages of Life Insurance are illustrated. Call and get a copy of the Annual Report.

SAM'L CARPENTER, Jr., Agent.  
Medical Examiner.  
T. McELVANY, M.D., R. S. SROTHER, M.D.

**FOR SALE:**  
MY House and Lot are for sale. I will also sell to good houses, several valuable NEGROES, consisting of Men, Women, Boys and Girls. The sales will be entirely private.—Terms easy.  
Nov. 27-501r P. B. MUIR.

**\$100 REWARD.**  
Ran away from the Subscriber about seven weeks ago, a Negro Man named Frank. He is about 21 years old, Copper Color, weighs about 175 pounds, heavy set, about 5 feet eight inches high, has a scar on his forehead, and has the end of his left forefinger cut off. He had on when he left a Black Frock Coat and Jeans Pantaloons. The above Reward will be given if taken out of the State, and \$20 if taken in the State and lodged in any Jail so that I can get him again.  
TYLER WILSON.  
Bardstown, Dec. 4th, 1851—3t.

**BALES BATTING**—Nos. 1 and 2; in store and for sale by  
no13 COLLINGS & WELLS.

**FRESH TEA.**  
We have just received a large supply of the best quality of Gunpowder and Black Tea, put up in metallic packs.  
NOURSE & BACKLEY.

**ARE YOU INSURED?**  
Are you insured in a responsible office. THE season of the year has arrived when every prudent man will see that his Buildings and their Contents are insured in a responsible Office.

**THE PROTECTION INSURANCE OFFICE,** of Hartford, Connecticut, has now done business in the Southern and Western portions of the country for TWENTY-SIX YEARS, and is confidently believed to present very superior inducements for insurance, second indeed to no office in the United States.  
T. P. LINTHICUM Agent.

**THE EMPIRE CHEAP CLOTHING STORE!!**  
THE undersigned beg leave to inform the citizens of Bardstown and vicinity and the public in general, that they have received the largest and most fashionable Stock of Ready Made Clothing ever opened in this part of the country. Also, HATS & CAPS; Boots and Shoes, Umbrellas, Carpet Bags and other articles belonging to the Gents' furnishing line.

We will sell at Prices to DEFY competition.

**THE CUT, STYLE AND MAKE** of our Goods being superior to any thing ever brought on, we are enabled to guarantee every article sold by us to give the most perfect satisfaction; and as we get the materials from the European and American factories direct, and are connected with one of the largest Manufacturing houses, we are prepared to sell

From Thirty to Forty per cent cheaper than any other house in town or vicinity.

No trouble to show Goods, and don't forget, the right place, The Empire Clothing Store, Schader's Storehouse, East side of Mainstreet one door North of the Central Exchange, oct9-43y RAUH & BRO.

**D. J. T. MELVANEY,**  
DETERMINED to main permanently in Bardstown, renders his Professional services to the citizens of Bardstown and Nelson County, in the various branches of his Profession. He has taken the Office recently occupied by T. P. Linthicum, Esq., and next door to the room occupied by McElvany & McCown, immediately opposite to the Mansion House, where he may be found at all times during the business hours of the day, unless professionally absent.

**MEDICAL CARD.**  
DR. ROBT & WILLIAM STROTH DER will attend promptly and faithfully on those who may favor them in the practice of MEDICINE, SURGERY, and the other branches of the Profession.  
Office on the Westside Public Square, under the Telegraph office.

I HAVE some very fine Sardines for sale. DR. C. P. MATTINGLY.

**DRIED PEACHES,** in store, and for sale by  
no1 COLLINGS & WELLS.

The Kentucky Rifle avows a preference for Mr. Clay for the next Presidency, not only as the best qualified, but as the most available candidate. We think it very probable that Mr. Clay would now draw to his support a large number of conservative democrats, who are dissatisfied with the coalitions of the Democratic party with free-soilers and "higher-law" men in the North, and its disunion tendencies in the South, where it is manifest that the heresy of secession has found its countenance and support almost solely in the Democratic party. Mr. Clay would be the great national conservative Whig candidate in a higher sense than any other man in the nation.

Sickness must be our apology for the late appearance of the paper this week.

Another Letter from Hon. T. F. Marshall.  
From the Lexington Obs. & Rep., Dec. 3.  
Lexington, Saturday, Nov. 29 1851.  
To the Editor of the Obs. and Rep:

My Dear Sir—Upon my return from Cincinnati last evening, I met with the letter in the Louisville Journal, which I addressed to the editors of that paper on the 22d instant from this place. In the close of that letter, I see that I have avowed a preference for the postponement of the Senatorial election, to the General Assembly which will meet in November, 1853. Since I left Frankfort, it seems that the Senate acted on the subject with the same views which I entertained. The House, however, disagreed, and have postponed till the 11th of December, when the contest will be renewed. This is the present aspect of the matter. Had I been present in Frankfort, I should have sustained the Senate's proposition. The preamble and resolution of Dr. Green, of Henry, had been withdrawn on Saturday, the 22d, and a substitute accepted by that gentleman, containing the simple proposition to postpone till 1853, without argument or preamble.—That substitute was in my hand-writing. Before Dr. Green accepted it, I pledged myself to that gentleman to support it, by my own vote, and with whatever aid from my friends I could bring. As the majority with whom I was acting in the House have decided differently from the course I meant to pursue, I write this note and respectfully request its publication, that my position and the reasons of it in relation to postponement, may not be misunderstood, by my constituents and the public. In the first place I had despaired, and still despair entirely, of Mr. Dixon's friends agreeing to submit his claims to a majority of the Whig party in a council and upon a vote out of the House. I know that some twenty-five had refused to come into such an arrangement, though several times tendered. It was understood distinctly that they required that Mr. Crittenden should be placed on the ballot in the House, and that upon this condition and after this experiment, they would submit to a party nomination and an undivided support of the nominee. Mr. Crittenden was ballotted for a caucus again offered and again refused. I could see no reason, I could foresee no circumstances in the future which was at all likely to bring about a change in the purposes or policy of Mr. Dixon's friends. I could and do foresee many and greater evils resulting to the Whig party from the continuance of the struggle throughout the session. First, the quarrel will become more bitter, the breach wider, at every ballot. Secondly, the session will be wasted, to the great injury of the public, and the Whigs as the majority, will be justly held responsible for the fruitless consumption of time. Sixty days is all the time allowed for the Legislative business of the State for two years, unless two-thirds agree to a longer session. The Democrats, I am sure, will not agree to protract the term of service. Third, Judge Underwood's term does not expire till the 4th of March, 1853. No session of the entire Congress, no legislation will be had there till after the meeting of the next General Assembly of this State.—All that can happen will be an executive session of the Senate of the United States for a few days after the 4th of March, to act upon the executive nominations. To this session of the Senate alone, will Mr. Powell's power of appointment be confined. In national, state, or party view, it is a matter of no importance. Fourth, and last, and greatest, I prefer infinitely, in the present aspect of the matter, that the whole affair be referred to the people. They will settle it upon enlarged principles of justice and policy, without reference to the purring schemes of small politicians. At present, from the course pursued by several members of the Legislature—the representatives from Fayette for example—there is great danger that the true relations between Mr. Clay and Mr. Crittenden will be misunderstood. A breach between the respective and peculiar friends of these two gentlemen will be fatal, inevitably fatal, to any future organization of the Whig party as a whole in Kentucky. It will be fatal to Mr. Crittenden—it will be fatal to Mr. Clay. If the impression, so anxiously sought to be made, becomes

general, that Mr. Clay is acting through his friends in the Legislature to destroy Mr. Crittenden—for to beat him for the Senate, now, is to destroy him—it must plant a thorn in the breasts of the friends of that gentleman which no surgery can extract. Nor can it add to the lustre of Mr. Clay's setting sun, nor will it read well upon his tomb, that his latest blows were aimed in fatal vengeance at his friends, that he died mangling in rage the man whose whole life had been devoted to his service. By the elections of 1853, time will be afforded to explain and reconcile every thing. A thorough reorganization of the party can be effected.—A name can be given upon which to rally the people. The question of the Senator can be settled at the polls—and the Legislature will convene, not distracted, and in doubt as now, but with a thorough knowledge of the will of the State. It can then be known whether the people of Fayette, like the people of Woodford, Bourbon, Clarke, Jessamine, Franklin, prefer Crittenden—a matter now left in extreme doubt. If the State prove Democratic—there is no help for it. It would be democratic at any rate, whether we elect now or not, and the position of a Whig Senator chosen now, with a declared majority of the people against him in 1853, would be in the last degree irksome, and would render him entirely useless.

Should such be the result, we must bow to the will of heaven, and submit with such resignation as we can command to the dominion of such masters as Lynn Boyd, Judge Hise, Gov. Powell, Mr. Secretary Meriwether, Bates, of Warren, Dr. Green, &c. &c. This result, however, as it appears to me, can best be avoided, indeed can only be avoided, by a thorough reunion and perfect understanding between the friends of Mr. Clay and Mr. Crittenden, and running Crittenden himself for the Senate before the people—the whole people.—In that forum he has never been beaten. Before that tribunal he has never been condemned or tainted. These are views for which I alone am responsible. Acting upon them, I should have voted for the postponement till 1853 had I been in Frankfort. Impressed with their truth, I pledged myself in good faith to support the resolution I drew.

THOMAS F. MARSHALL.

#### FADING.

"WE ALL FADE AS A LEAF."

Fading, fading, all are fading—  
No substantial thing is here;  
Loved ones leave us—we are passing,  
Passing to another sphere.

Beauty, with her "customed" smiles,  
And her love-inspiring eye,  
Fadeth, like the day-dog dying  
In the twilight summer sky.

Like pilgrims, worn and weary,  
Till we on our weary way,  
Through this night of life, while gazing  
For the dawning of the day.

Like a stately pageant moving,  
Slowly o'er the trembling earth,  
Past the ages dim and hoary,  
Bending all to seepers Death.

And the tread of valiant nations,  
Thundering on in mighty line,  
Leaves a faint and fainter echo  
In the crumbling hall of time.

Yes, these bright, majestic heavens,  
In their mighty march proclaim,  
We are passing, we are passing,  
Unto nothing, whence we came.

But when like a baseless vision,  
All have faded thus away,  
There is built a home eternal  
For the weary pilgrim's stay.

On the hills of God it standeth!  
Reaching high its golden dome,  
And the song comes swelling from it,  
"Welcome, pilgrim, welcome home."

#### Live for Something.

"Thousands, of men, says Chalmers, 'breathe, move, and live—pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They do not partake of good in the world, and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the means of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished; their light went out in the darkness, and they were not remembered more than insects of yesterday.'—Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue, that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come into contact with year by year, and you will not be forgotten. No; your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as bright on the earth as the stars in heaven."

#### Toleration.

When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming toward him, who was a hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man eat and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God. At which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of

the night, and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was? He replied, I thrust him away because he did not worship Thee. God answered him, I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonored me; and could'st not thou endure him one night?—Jeremy Taylor.

A ROARING ORATOR.—"Mr. President, I shall not remain silent, sir, while I have a voice that is not dumb in this assembly.—The gentleman, sir, cannot expostulate this matter to any future time that is more suitable than now. He may talk, sir, of the Herculean revolutions, where republics are hurried into arctic regions, and the works of centuries refrigerated to ashes—but, sir, we can tell him, indelibly that the consequences therefore, multiplied subterraneously by the everlasting principles contended for thereby, can shake this resolution than can the roar of Niagara rejuvenate around these walls, or the howl of the midnight tempest conflagrate the marble statue into ice.—That's just what I told them."

If you harbor malice against any human being, you cherish a worm in your heart, that in time will eat out all its goodness.

"How," said a country court Judge to a witness, "how do you know that the plaintiff was intoxicated on the evening referred to?" "Because I saw him, a few minutes after supper, trying to pull off his trousers with a boot-jack." Verdict for the defendant.

Out-of-door Exercise for Women.—Our eyes have just now fallen upon a passage in Mr. Greeley's last letter from Europe, in which he speaks of the appearance of the English women, and comments, with a little more than his usual ardor of expression, their perfection of figure. He attributes this, and very justly, to the English lady's habit of out-of-door exercise. We had thought that this fact was known; that it was known years ago, and that our fair country-women would catch a hint from it, that would throw color into their cheeks and fullness into their forms. And yet, sadly enough, our ladies still coop themselves in their heated rooms, until their faces are like lilies, and their figures—like lily-stems. We have alluded to the matter now, not for the sake of asking those one or two hundred thousand ladies, who every month light our pages with their looks, if they do indeed prize a little unnatural pearliness of hue and delicacy of complexion, beyond that ruddy flush of health (the very tempter of a kiss!) and that full development of figure, which all the poets, from Homer down, have made one of the chief beauties of a woman? If not, let them make of themselves horse-women; or, bating that, let them make acquaintance with the sunrise; let them pick flowers with the dew upon them; let them study music of nature's own orchestra. Vulgarly is not essential to health; and a lithe, elastic figure does not grow in hot-houses. For ourselves, we incline heartily to the belief, that if American women have a wish to add to the respect, the admiration, the love, and (if need be) the fear of the men, they will find an easier road toward that gain, in a little vigorous out-of-door exercise and a uniform attention to the great essentials of health, than in any new-fangled costumes, or loudly-applauded "rights."

—Harper's Magazine.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1853.  
SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
THE LEADING LITERARY WEEKLY OF THE UNION.  
The proprietors of the Post think it unnecessary to dwell upon the distinguishing features of their well-known weekly, whose brilliant success during an existence of THIRTY YEARS is a sure guarantee for the future.  
TERMS.  
The terms of the POST are Two Dollars if paid in advance. Three Dollars if not paid in advance. For Five Dollars one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms for Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one addressee, and in the country, to one post-office or 4 Copies, \$5.00 Per Annum 8 copies and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club, 10.00 13 copies and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club, 15.00 20 copies and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club, 20.00 The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address, always post-paid.  
Deacon & Peterson, No. 66 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying the Publishers by letter, post-paid.

JOHNSON HOUSE,  
NEW HAVEN, KY.  
FRANK JOHNSON, PROPRIETOR.  
Respectfully announces to citizens of Nelson, Hardin, Larue and the adjoining counties, and the traveling community generally, that he has opened a Tavern at New Haven, in the large and commodious brick house formerly occupied by R. N. Long. The house has been thoroughly repaired, and his rooms fitted up with now and fashionable furniture, carpets, &c. His table will at all substantial and luxuries that the country affords. His stable is spacious, well supplied with provender, and attended by careful hostlers. His Bar is at all times filled with the very best of foreign and domestic liquors, and he will spare no pains or expense to render his guests comfortable. He feels assured that he can give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage.  
sep 4—ly FRANK JOHNSON.

300 LBS. MAYSVILLE CARPET CHAIN,  
in store and for sale by  
dec 4 COLLINGS & WELLS.

SUNDRIES—  
100 lbs. N. O. Sugar;  
100 lbs. Leaf and Crushed do;  
200 bags Java Coffee;  
30 do Java do;  
10 tierces Rice;  
100 half chests Gunpowder Tea;  
10 do do Ponchong do;  
150 boxes Gunpowder & Young Hyson do;  
1000 kegs Nails;  
300 boxes 8 by 10 and 10 by 12 Glass;  
250 bags Maysville Cotton Yarn.  
—at—  
A general assortment of every article in the Grocery line in store and for sale by  
GARDNER & CO  
Louisville, Ky.  
apr 17—ly

25 CANS BALTIMORE COVE OYSTERS;  
18 do do Spiced do  
in store and for sale by  
dec 4 COLLINGS & WELLS.

1 BBL. LINSEED OIL,  
in store, and for sale by  
dec 4 COLLINGS & WELLS.



By Morse's Line for the Herald.

CINCINNATI, 10, 1851.  
The River is stationary; we have heavy rains. Flour sold at \$2.95 to \$3.00. Whiskey sales at 15cts. Hogs firm; 1400 sold at \$4.20 to \$4.40; nothing doing in provisions; sales of 120 Barrels Molasses at 30 to 31cts.

PITTSBURGH, 10, 1851.  
There are 6 feet water in the channel and rising.

NEW ORLEANS, 10th, 1851  
Cotton large sales yesterday 5250 Bales at the following quotations; inferior at 5 1/2 to 5 3/4 ordinary 4 to 6 1/2; low middling 6 1/2 to 7cts; middling 7 1/2 to 7 3/4 cts; good middlings 8 to 8 1/2 cts.

NEW YORK, 10, 1851.  
Cotton Market is firm. Sales of 2000 barrels of flour at \$4.18 to \$4.37.—Grain is firm without any heavy transactions. Sales of 200 barrels of Pork at \$15.21 for Mess, and \$13.62 to \$14.00 for prime. Sales of 300 barrels of Beef at \$8 to \$10.50 for Mess and \$5 to \$6 for prime.

200 Boxes of Cuba Sugar 41cts to 5cts sales of 100 pigs Mo., Lead \$4.43. 1500 Gallons Linseed Oil at 64 to 65cts. 600 barrels crude Turpentine sold at \$3, and 300 barrels spirits Turpentine at 39cts. Whiskey is steady.

LOUISVILLE, 10.  
Grocery Market, Coffee, heard of sales of 100 sacks at 9cts. Sales of 20 hds of Sugar at 5 1/2 to 6cts. Molasses have declined at sales of 12 barrels from 30 to 32cts according to quality. Sales of Cheese at 6 1/2; sales of raw Whiskey at 16cts.

FLOUR.—Light sales at \$3.10 from the Levee and \$3.10 to \$3.25 from Store.

HOOFLAND'S GERM AN BITTERS. These celebrated Bitters prepared by Dr. C. M Jackson 120 Arch street, Philadelphia are performing astonishing cures throughout the whole country. We can bear witness to their curative powers in the case of a friend of ours who had the Liver Complaint, and who had tried almost every other medicine, but without effect. After taking a few bottles of these Bitters he was entirely cured. To those who are similarly afflicted we recommend them to take the preparation, knowing that they will cure the disease spoken of and many others to which "flesh is heir to." There is a spurious article made in Philadelphia. The only place to get the genuine article is 120 Arch street, Philadelphia, of Dr. Jackson, of his agents throughout the country.

#### COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

IN pursuance to a decree of the Larue Circuit Court, rendered at the Nov. Term, 1851, of said court, in the case of James Brown's heirs, on petition, I will, as commissioner appointed in the case, offer for sale on the premises, the following tracts of Land, to-wit:

One Tract lying on the Rolling Fork, in Larue County, Ky., four miles below New Haven, containing about 290 Acres: one hundred and eighty Acres of which is cleared and under fence: the soil of a superior quality and a Well of first rate Water within a few feet of the house. A good neighborhood, &c.

One Tract lying in Hardin County, on the waters of Middle Creek containing about 100 acres, well improved, etc.

The tract of 290 acres will be sold on Monday the 15th day of December next, on a credit of one, two and three years, with interest from date.

The tract containing 100 acres will be sold on Tuesday the 16th day of December next, on a credit of twelve months with interest from date, the purchaser or purchasers to execute bonds with good security, having the force and effect of replevin bonds.

JOS. BROWN, Com.

Bardstown, Nov., 20, 1851.

300 LBS. MAYSVILLE CARPET CHAIN,  
in store and for sale by  
dec 4 COLLINGS & WELLS.

SUNDRIES—  
100 lbs. N. O. Sugar;  
100 lbs. Leaf and Crushed do;  
200 bags Java Coffee;  
30 do Java do;  
10 tierces Rice;  
100 half chests Gunpowder Tea;  
10 do do Ponchong do;  
150 boxes Gunpowder & Young Hyson do;  
1000 kegs Nails;  
300 boxes 8 by 10 and 10 by 12 Glass;  
250 bags Maysville Cotton Yarn.  
—at—  
A general assortment of every article in the Grocery line in store and for sale by  
GARDNER & CO  
Louisville, Ky.  
apr 17—ly

25 CANS BALTIMORE COVE OYSTERS;  
18 do do Spiced do  
in store and for sale by  
dec 4 COLLINGS & WELLS.

1 BBL. LINSEED OIL,  
in store, and for sale by  
dec 4 COLLINGS & WELLS.

FRESH BALTIMORE OYSTERS,  
received daily by  
dec 11 COLLINGS & WELLS.

PRUNES, DATES, FIGS, &c.,  
just received and for sale by  
dec 11 COLLINGS & WELLS.

ED. N. TALBOT. JOHN Z. AUD.

#### TALBOTT & AUD

WOULD respectfully inform their friends and the public that they have taken the extensive Blacksmith Establishment lately carried on by John C. Aud, dec'd, on Broad Street, where all kinds of work in their line, will be done in the best manner, and on the most accommodating terms.  
dec 11—2m

Daguerreotyping by Telegraph.

M. BOOTH has bought R. A. Young's Daguerrean Apparatus, and has opened a Gallery in his Telegraph Office, on Arch st., a few doors west of Main.  
dec 11

TURPENTINE, Linseed Oil, White Lead Paints, Lard Oil, Star Candles at Louisville prices, hauling added, for sale by  
sep 25 Dr. C. P. MATTINGLY

#### PUBLIC SALE.

On Friday the 19th December, 1851, I will sell at the late residence of Joseph G. Wilson, dec'd., on the Bloomfield road 4 miles from Bardstown, all the personal estate of said dec'd. Also as the same time and place, I desire to change my residence and occupation, I will sell the Household and Kitchen Furniture, Farming Utensils, 60 or 80 head of Sheep, about 200 young Hogs, 30 or 40 head of Cattle mostly Steers, and several Horses. Credit six months.

I desire to sell my LANDS: The House and Lot in Bardstown, recently occupied by Mrs. James M. Wright, and that occupied by myself as a residence.—Terms easy.

J. WOOD WILSON.  
To any one who would buy my Lands, if they should desire it I will sell 12 or 15 Servants.  
J. W. W.

Bardstown, Dec. 11, 1851.—2w.

WANTED.  
1000 LBS. FEATHERS.  
no 29 COLLINGS & WELLS.



TOBACCO and CIGARS for sale by  
Dr. C. P. MATTINGLY,  
Oct 2 Wholesale and Retail Druggist.

#### MURRELL & TRIGG,

Wholesale Grocery, Produce, Forwarding and Commission Merchants,  
No. 418 Main St. between 6th & 7th opposite the Franklin Hotel, Louisville, Ky.

HAVE now in Store a large and general assortment of  
GROCERIES

suitable to the wants of the country trade which will be sold at as low prices and upon as favorable terms as any House in the city.  
The highest market price paid for Country Produce.  
[Sep. 10.]

#### Farmers Look to your Interest

The undersigned would respectfully inform the Farmers of Nelson and the adjoining Counties, that he is prepared to furnish them, on good terms with any of the following articles, to-wit:

Wagons, Carts, Harrows, Plows, Cultivators Axes, Drawing Knives, MILL IRONS, and every other article usually made in his line of business. My shop is always supplied with the best materials, and my workmen cannot be surpassed by any in the State. Adjoining my blacksmith Shop is Mr. F. Smith Wagon Shop where all kinds of articles usually kept in such establishments can be had.

PETER LYDDANE.

March 13, 1855.—13-ly.

#### TAILORING.

Gentlemen's Garments, of every description cut and made to order by T. J. MAYNARD. Orders solicited and promptly complied with.

Shop West side of the Public Square;  
oct 23—45-1m

L. McKay, Sen., having sold his interest in the firm of L. McKay & Co., to W. W. Metcalf, the debts due the concern should now be closed as soon as possible. Those having open accounts will please call and settle them by note or cash.  
L. McKay & Co.  
July 22, 1851.

The business will be continued under the style of McKay & Metcalf. They intend keeping a large and well assorted stock of Dry Goods, Hardware, Boots, Shoes, &c., &c., which they will sell low.  
Aug. 7.—ly.

#### A Valuable Farm for Sale.

I WILL, as Administrator of John Connelly, dec'd., offer at public outcry on the 30th day of December next, a tract of land containing about 226 acres, lying on the Bloomfield and Taylorsville road, three miles from the former place. Said Farm is well watered, well timbered and in a high state of cultivation; and taking it altogether it is a very desirable Farm.

Terms made known on the day of sale.  
CHAS. B. MAY, Adm'r.  
Nov. 13, 1851.—td s.

WE HAVE on hand and for sale—  
1200 boxes assorted sizes Windows Glass, best brands;  
1000 pounds best Indigo;  
7 casks Madder;  
5 gross Garrets Scotch Snuff;  
50,000 Cuba Sixes, fine quality;  
100 doz Lemon Syrup;  
50 barrels Linseed Oil.  
june 5 ROBINSON & CAREY,  
504 Main-st., Louisville, Ky.  
Feb. 7, 2—m.

## BOOK & JOB PRINTING.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE HERALD OFFICE are prepared to execute on the shortest notice every description of

#### BOOK AND JOB PRINTING!

They are making such arrangements as will enable them to get up work in a very superior style, and on terms that cannot fail to please all who may favor them with their patronage.

#### THE BARDSTOWN HERALD

In a few weeks will be enlarged and printed on a

#### MAMMOTH SHEET!

without increasing the subscription price. Citizens of Bardstown and Nelson co. an opportunity is now offered you of subscribing for and sustaining a paper devoted to your advancement in Literature, Science, Commerce, Fine Arts, &c. The latest and most important items of foreign and domestic News will be found in its columns, together with a synopsis of the principal Markets of the Union.

#### TERMS:

One copy one year, if paid in advance, \$2 00

In six months, - - - - - 2 50

One copy six months, - - - - - 1 25

#### TO CLUBS.

Five copies 1 year, - - - - - \$9 00

Ten copies 1 year, - - - - - 15 00

The money must accompany the names of Club subscribers.

Liberal reductions made from the rates to larger Clubs.

ELLIS & NOURSE, PROPRIETORS.

To whom all business communications must be addressed, pre-paid.

#### COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

In Pursuance of a Decree of the Nelson Circuit Court, in the suit of John Speak's Widow and Heirs, on petition, I will, as Comm'r, sell to the highest bidder at the court house door, in Bardstown, on Friday, the 26th day of December, 1851,

#### THE FARM

on which said Speaks resided. Also ELEVEN valuable NEGROES,

5 Men, 3 Women and 3 Children; the purchaser to execute bond with good security, on a credit of twelve months; the bond to have the force and effect of a replevin bond, bearing interest from the day of sale.

E. H. McKAY, Com.

Bardstown, Dec., 4, 1851.—3t.

#### To Bounty Land and other Claimants.

SOLDIERS, Volunteers, Drafted men and the widows and children, fathers,

mothers, brothers and sisters of those who served in the Army of the United States.

By a late act of Congress, the officers and privates, or their heirs, of the war of 1812, Indian wars, Florida and Mexican wars, and all who have been engaged in the service of the United States, are entitled to bounty land according to the term of service.

All who served in the war of 1812, or any Indian war since 1790, nine months, are entitled to 160 acres of land; four months, 80 acres; one month, 40 acres. If they have died leaving a widow, or child under age, they are entitled.

Those who enlisted to serve for 12 months or during the war with Mexico, are entitled to 160 acres of land; six months, 40 acres; and if they served in Mexico, three months extra pay. If they be dead, the widow and children, if any are entitled; if no widow or children, the father; if neither, the mother; and if all be dead, the brothers and sisters are entitled. The friends of all who have died at any time in service are entitled to the soldier's pay.

The undersigned is in possession of all the necessary information requisite to obtain these land warrants. The land and pay due soldiers or their friends will be procured promptly by writing to me. Terms moderate. All letters must be post-paid.

Pension claims promptly attended to.

WM. H. HAMILTON,  
Washington City, D. C.

#### Merchant's Hotel.

This Hotel, situated on Main Street, between Third and Fourth,

LOUISVILLE, KY.,

has been leased for a term of years, thoroughly renovated, and opened by the undersigned for the accommodation of his friends and the traveling community, who desire the comforts and quiet of a well kept House with moderate charges.

The location is very desirable being in the very centre of business, commanding a splendid view of the city and in the immediate proximity to the railroad depot and steamboat landing.

The object of the Proprietor will be to give that satisfaction to his patrons that will ensure him their custom whenever they visit the city.

WM. E. ASHMORE,  
Louisville Ky.

sep 4—4w

#### Dr. D. H. COX

Is now receiving his Fall supplies, embracing all articles usually kept in Drug and Grocer Stores, which he is determined to sell unusually low for cash, or to punctual customers on short credits.

Being determined to stop the Louisville trade (to his place in Oils, Paints, &c. at low prices as well enable him (for cash) to sell White Lead and Oils at the Louisville prices and carriage.

He feels in hopes such inducements will incline the public to encourage home trade; or at least give him a call and examine before purchasing at other places.

He will take in exchange for articles in his line Flax seed, Mustard seed, Beans, Lard, Rags, Feathers, Ginseng, etc., at the highest market prices.

Bardstown Sept. 18, 1851.

GOOD COLOGNE can be bought at from 5 cents to \$1.50 per Bottle of  
sep 25 Dr. C. P. MATTINGLY.

#### WHISKY WANTED.

We take the following sketches from Carlyle's life of John Sterling.—The first is of Edward Sterling his father, and one of the Editors of the London Times.

"During all these years of struggle and way-faring, his father's household at Knightsbridge had stood healthful, happy, increasing in wealth, free diligence, solidly and honest prosperity; a fixed sunny islet, towards which, in all his voyagings and overclouding roamings, he could look with satisfaction, as to an ever-open port of refuge. The elder Sterling, after many battles, had reached his field of conquest in these years; and was to be regarded as a victorious man. Wealth sufficient, increasing not diminishing, had rewarded his labors in the *Times*, which were now in their full flower; he had influence of a sort; went busily among busy public men; and enjoyed, in the questionable form attached to journalism and anonymity, a social consideration and position which were abundantly gratifying to him. A singular figure of the epoch; and when you came to know him, which it was easy to fail of doing if you had not eyes and candid insight, a gallant truly gifted, and manly figure, of this kind. We saw much of him in this house; much of all his family; and had grown to love them all right well—him too, though that was the difficult part of the feat. For in his Irish way he played the conjuror very much—three hundred and sixty-five opinions in the year upon every subject, as a wag once said. In fact his talk, ever ingenious, emphatic and spirited in detail, was much defective in earnestness, at least in clear earnestness, of purport and outcome; but went tumbling as if in mere welters of explosive unreason; a volcano heaving under the deluges of scorin, ashes and imponderous punice-stones, you could not say in what direction, nor well whether in any. Not till after good study did you see the deep molten lava-flood, which simmered steadily enough, and showed very well by and by wither it was bound. For I must say of Edward Sterling, after all his daily explosive sophistries, and fallacies of talk, he had as stubborn instinctive sense of what was manifold, strong and worthy; recognized, with quick feeling, the charlatan under his solemn wig; knew as clearly as any man a pusillanimous tailor in buckram, an ass under the lion's skin, and did with his whole heart despise the same. The sudden changes of doctrine in the *Times*, which failed not to excite loud censure and indignant amazement in those days, were first intelligible to you when you came to interpret them as his changes. These sudden whirls from east to west on his part, and total changes of party and articulate opinion at a day's warning, lay in the nature of the man, and could not be helped; products of his fiery impatience, of the combined impetuosity and limitation of an intellect, which did nevertheless continually gravitate towards what was loyal, true and right on all manner of subjects. \* \* \* An amazingly impetuous, hasty, explosive man, this 'Captain Whirlwind,' as I used to call him! Great sensibility lay in him, too; a real sympathy, and affectionate pity and softness, which he had an over-tendency to express even by tears—a singular sight in so leonine a man. Enemies called them maudlin and hypocritical, these tears; but that was nowise the complete account of them. On the whole, there did conspicuously lie a dash of ostentation, a self-consciousness apt to become loud and braggart, over all he said and did and felt; this was the alloy of the man, and you had to be thankful for the abundant gold along with it. Quizzing enough he got among us for all this, and for the singular *chiaroscuro* manner of procedure, like that of an Archimedes Cagliostro, or Kaiser Joseph Incongnito, which his anonymous known-unknown thunderings in the *Times* necessitated in him; and much we laughed—not without explosive counter-bantering on his part; but in due one could not do without him; one knew him at heart for a right brave man.—'By Jove, sir!' thus he would swear to you, with radiant face; sometimes, not often, by a deeper oath. With persons of dignity, especially with women, to whom he was always very gallant, he had courtly delicate manners, verging towards the wire-drawn and elaborate; on common occasions, he bloomed out at once into jolly familiarity of the gracefully boisterous kind, reminding you of mess-rooms and old Dublin days. His off-hand mode of speech was always precise, emphatic, ingenious: his laugh, which was frequent rather than otherwise, had a sincerity of banter, but no real depth of sense for the ludicrous; and soon ended, if it grew too loud, in a mere dissonant scream. He was broad, well-built, stout of stature; had a long lowish head, sharp gray eyes, with large, strong, aquiline face to match; and walked, or sat, in an erect decisive manner. A remarkable man; and playing, especially in those years 1830—40, a remarkable part in the world."

We will now introduce to our readers another and far more noteworthy personage. Were there no other passages in this book to our mind, it would still

be a welcome guest on our library table for the sake of its chapter on Coleridge. The whole of this is picturesque and life-like:—

"Coleridge sat on the brow of Highgate Hill, in those years, looking down on London and its smoke-tumult, like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle; attracting towards him the thoughts of innumerable brave souls still engaged there. His express contributions to poetry, philosophy, or any specific province of human literature or enlightenment, had been small and sadly intermittent; but he had, especially among young inquiring men, a higher than literary, a kind of prophetic or magician character. He was thought to hold, he alone in England, the key of German and other Transcendentalisms; knew the sublime secret of believing by 'the reason' what 'the understanding' had been obliged to fling out as incredible; and could still, after Hume and Voltaire had done their best and worst with him, profess himself an orthodox Christian, and say and print to the Church of England, with its singular old rubrics and surplices Allhallows, *Esto perpetua*. A sublime man, who alone in those dark days had saved his crown of spiritual manhood; escaping from the black materialisms, and revolutionary deluges, with 'God, Freedom, Immortality,' still his; a king of men. The practical intellects of the world did not much heed him, or carelessly reckoned him a metaphysical dreamer; but to the rising spirits of the young generation he had this dusky sublime character; and sat there as a kind of *Magnus*, girt in mystery and enigma; his Dodona oak-grove (Mr Gilman's house at Highgate) whispering strange things, uncertain whether oracles or jargon. The Gilmans did not encourage much company, or excitation of any sort, round their sage; nevertheless, access to him, if a youth did reverently wish it, was not difficult. He would stroll about the pleasant garden with you, sit in the pleasant rooms of the place,—perhaps take you to his own peculiar room, high up, with a rearward view, which was the chief view of all. A really charming outlook, in fine weather. Close at hand, wide sweep of flowery, leafy gardens, their few houses mostly hidden, the very chimney-pots veiled under blossomy umbrage, flowed gloriously down hill; gloriously issuing in wide-tufted undulating plain-country, rich in all charms of field and town. Waving, blooming country of the brightest green; dotted all over with handsome villas, handsome groves; crossed by roads and human traffic, here inaudible or heard only as a musical hum, and behind all swam, under olive-tinted haze, the illimitable liminary ocean of London, with its domes and steeples definite in the sun, big Paul's and the many memories attached to it hanging high over all. Nowhere, of its kind, could you see a grandeur prospect on a bright summer day, with the set of the air going southward—southward, and so draping with the city-smoke not you but the city. Here for hours would Coleridge talk, concerning all conceivable or inconceivable things; and liked nothing better than to have an intelligent, or failing that, even a silent and patient human listener. He distinguished himself to all that ever heard him as at least the most surprising talker extant in this world; and to some small minority, by no means to all, as the most excellent."

His personal appearance is brought before the eye as by the lines of a daguerreotype:

"Brow and head were round, and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute; expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent, and stooping attitude; in walking, he rather shuffled than decisively stepped; and a lady once remarked, he never could fix which side of the garden-walk would suit him best, but continually shifted, in corkscrew fashion, and kept trying both. A heavy-laden, high-aspiring, and surely much-suffering man. His voice, naturally soft and good, had contracted itself into a plaintive shuffle and sing-song; he spoke as if preaching,—you would have said, preaching earnestly and also hopelessly the weightiest things. I still recollect his 'object' and 'subject,' terms of continual recurrence in the Kantian province; and how he sung and snuffled them into 'om-m-ject' and 'sum-m-ject,' with a kind of solemn shake or quaver, as he rolled along. No talk, in his century or in any other, could be more surprising."

We must add the following descriptive account of Coleridge's conversation; some few sentences of which might very fairly be applied to not a little of their author's own writings:—

"Nothing could be more copious than his talk; and furthermore, it was always virtually or literally, of the nature of a monologue; suffering no interruption, however reverent; hastily putting aside all foreign additions, annotations, or most ingenious desires for elucidation, as well-meant superfluities which would never do. Besides, it was talk not flowing anywhere

like a river, but spreading everywhere in inextricable currents and regurgitations like a lake or sea; terribly deficient in definite goal or aim, nay, often in logical intelligibility; what you were to believe or do, on any earthly or heavenly thing, obstinately refusing to appear from it. So that, most times, you felt logically lost; swamped near to drowning in this tide of ingenious vocables, spreading out boundless as if to submerge the world. To sit as a passive bucket and be pumped into, whether you consent or not, can in the long run be exhilarating to no creature; how eloquent soever the flood of utterance, that is descending. But if it be withal a confused, unintelligible flood of utterance, threatening to submerge all known landmarks of thought, and drown the world and you! I have heard Coleridge talk, with eager musical energy, two stricken hours, his face radiant and moist, and communicating no meaning whatsoever to any individual of his hearers,—certain of whom, I for one, still kept eagerly listening in hope; the most had long before given up, and formed (if the room were large enough) secondary humming groups of their own. He began anywhere. You put some question to him, made some suggestive observation: instead of answering this, or decidedly setting out towards answer of it, he would accumulate formidable apparatus, logical swim-bladders, transcendental life-preservers, and other precautionary and vehicular gear, for setting out; perhaps did at last get under way, but was swiftly solicited, turned aside by the glance of some radiant new game on this hand or that, into new courses; and ever into new; and before long into all the universe, where it was uncertain what game you would catch, or whether any. His talk, alas! was distinguished, like himself, by irresolution: it disliked to be troubled with conditions, abstinences, definite fulfillments;—loved to wander at its own sweet will, and make its auditor and his claims and humble wishes a mere passive bucket for itself! He had knowledge about many things and topics,—much curious reading; but generally all topics led him, after a pass or two, into the high seas of theosophic philosophy, the hazy infinitude of Kantian transcendentalism, with its 'sum-m-jects' and 'om-m-jects.' Sad enough; for with such indolent impatience of the claims and ignorances of others, he had not the least talent for explaining this or anything unknown to them; and you swam and fluttered in the mistiest wide unintelligible deluge of things, for most part in a rather profitless, uncomfortable manner. Glorious islets, too, I have seen rise out of the haze; but they were few, and soon swallowed in the general element again.—Balmy sunny islets, islets of the blest and the intelligible,—on which occasions those secondary humming groups would all cease humming, and hang breathless upon the eloquent words; till once your islet got wrapt in the mist again, and they could recommence humming. Eloquent, artistically expressive words you always had; piercing radiance of a most subtle insight came at intervals; tones of noble, pious sympathy, recognizable as pious though strangely colored, were never wanting long; but in general you could not call this aimless, cloud-capt, cloud-based, lawlessly meandering human discourse of reason by the name of 'excellent talk,' but only of 'surprising; and were reminded bitterly of Hazlitt's account of it: 'Excellent talker, very'—if you let him start from no premises and come to no conclusion."

Coleridge was not without what talkers call wit, and there were touches of prickly sarcasms in him; contemptuous enough of the world and its idols and popular dignitaries; he had traits even of poetic humor; but in general he seemed deficient in laughter; or indeed in sympathy for concrete human things either on the sunny or on the stormy side. One right peal of concrete laughter at some convicted flesh-and-blood absurdity, one burst of noble indignation at some injustice or depravity, rubbing elbows with us on this solid Earth, how strange would it have been in that Kantian haze-world, and how infinitely cheering amid its vacant air-castles and dim-melting ghosts and shadows! None such ever came. His life had been an abstract thinking and dreaming, idealistic, passed amid the ghosts of defunct bodies and of unborn ones. The moaning sing-song of that theosophic-metaphysical monotony left on you, at last, a very dreary feeling."

Coleridge was not without what talkers call wit, and there were touches of prickly sarcasms in him; contemptuous enough of the world and its idols and popular dignitaries; he had traits even of poetic humor; but in general he seemed deficient in laughter; or indeed in sympathy for concrete human things either on the sunny or on the stormy side. One right peal of concrete laughter at some convicted flesh-and-blood absurdity, one burst of noble indignation at some injustice or depravity, rubbing elbows with us on this solid Earth, how strange would it have been in that Kantian haze-world, and how infinitely cheering amid its vacant air-castles and dim-melting ghosts and shadows! None such ever came. His life had been an abstract thinking and dreaming, idealistic, passed amid the ghosts of defunct bodies and of unborn ones. The moaning sing-song of that theosophic-metaphysical monotony left on you, at last, a very dreary feeling."

Coleridge was not without what talkers call wit, and there were touches of prickly sarcasms in him; contemptuous enough of the world and its idols and popular dignitaries; he had traits even of poetic humor; but in general he seemed deficient in laughter; or indeed in sympathy for concrete human things either on the sunny or on the stormy side. One right peal of concrete laughter at some convicted flesh-and-blood absurdity, one burst of noble indignation at some injustice or depravity, rubbing elbows with us on this solid Earth, how strange would it have been in that Kantian haze-world, and how infinitely cheering amid its vacant air-castles and dim-melting ghosts and shadows! None such ever came. His life had been an abstract thinking and dreaming, idealistic, passed amid the ghosts of defunct bodies and of unborn ones. The moaning sing-song of that theosophic-metaphysical monotony left on you, at last, a very dreary feeling."

GLASS TUMBLERS for sale at from 75 cents to \$1.50 per doz. Sept 25 Dr. C. P. MATTINGLY.

I HAVE some of the best quality of GUN POWDER for sale at \$5.50 per Keg. sep 25-1f C. P. MATTINGLY.

PURE OLD PEACH BRANDY in and for sale by no 20 COLLINGS & WELLS.

10 BBLs. superior unadulterated WHISKY; French Brandy; Madeira and Malaga Wines; in store and for sale by no 13 COLLINGS & WELLS.

40 REAMS assorted WRAPPING PAPER, in store, and for sale by nov 13 COLLINGS & WELLS.

GROUND Clarified Coffee for sale by oct 23 Dr. D. H. COX.

**LIVER COMPLAINT,** Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, and all diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach, such as Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness or Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heart-burn, Disgust for Food, Fullness, or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations Sinking or Fluttering at the pit of the Stomach, Swimming at the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or webs before the Sight,

Fever and dull pain in the Head, Deficiency or Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil and great Depression of Spirits, can be effectually cured by

**DR. HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON,** At the German Medicine Store, 120 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Their power over the above diseases is not excelled—if equalled—by any other preparation in the United States, as the cures attest, in many cases after skillful physicians had failed.

These Bitters are worthy the attention of invalids. Possessing great virtues in the rectification of diseases of the LIVER and lesser glands, exercising the most searching powers in weakness and affections of the digestive organs, they are withal, safe, certain and pleasant.

Read and be convinced. From the Boston Bee.

The editor said, Dec. 22d :

Dr. Hoofland's celebrated *German Bitters* for the cure of Liver Complaint Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Chronic or Nervous Debility, is deservedly one of the most popular Medicines of the day.—These Bitters have been used by thousands, and a friend at our elbow says he has himself received effectual and permanent cure of Liver complaint from the use of this remedy. We are convinced that, in the use of these Bitters, the patient constantly gains strength and vigor—a fact worthy of great consideration. They are pleasant in taste and smell, and can be used by persons with the most delicate stomachs with safety, under any circumstances.—We are speaking from experience, and to the afflicted we advise their use.

"Scott's Weekly," one of the best Literary papers published, said, August 25—

"Dr. Hoofland's *German Bitters*, manufactured by Dr. Jackson, are now recommended by some of the most prominent members of the faculty as an article of much efficacy in cases of female weakness. As such is the case, we would advise all mothers to obtain a bottle, and thus save themselves much sickness. Persons of debilitated constitutions will find these Bitters advantageous to their health; as we know from experience the salutary effect they have upon weakly systems."

**MORE EVIDENCE.**

The Philadelphia Saturday Gazette, the best family newspaper published in the United States. The editor says of Dr. Hoofland's *German Bitters*,

"It is seldom that we recommend what are termed Patent Medicines, to the confidence and patronage of our readers, and therefore when we recommend Dr. Hoofland's *German Bitters* we wish it to be distinctly understood that we are not speaking of the nostrums of the day, that are noised about for a brief period and then are forgotten after they have done their guilty race of mischief, but of a medicine long established, universally prized, and which has met the hearty approval of the faculty itself."

Evidence upon evidence has been received (like the foregoing) from all sections of the Union, the last three years, and the strongest testimony in its favor is, that there is more of its use in the practice of the regular Physicians of Philadelphia, than all other nostrums combined, a fact that can easily be established, and fully proving that a scientific preparation will meet with their quiet approval when presented even in this form.

That this medicine will cure Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, no one can doubt after using it as directed. It acts specifically upon the stomach and liver; it is preferable to calomel in all bilious diseases—the effect is immediate. They can be administered to female or infant with safety and reliable benefit at any time.

**BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.** This medicine has attained that high character which is necessary for all medicines to attain to induce counterfeiters to put forth spurious articles at the risk of the lives of those who are innocently deceived.

Look well to the marks of the genuine. They have the written signature of

C. M. JACKSON upon the wrapper, and his name blown in the bottle, without which they are spurious.

**GERMAN MEDICINE STORE.** No. 120 Arch street, one door below Sixth, Philadelphia; and by respectable dealers generally through the country.

**PRICES REDUCED.** To enable all classes of invalids to enjoy the advantages of their great restorative powers. Single Bottle 75 cents.

Also for sale by Dr. D. H. COX, Druggist, Bardstown, Ky. Wholesale agent for Kentucky and Tennessee. SUTCLIFFE, McALLISTER & CO., Louisville, Ky.

**DR. TAYLOR'S FEMALE BITTERS.**

The following certificates are, we think sufficient evidence of the efficacy of Dr. Taylor's celebrated Bitters for sale by Dr. D. H. Cox, Bardstown Ky.

Greensburg, Ky., May 24, 1847.

I was a partner of Dr. Taylor in the practice of medicine for about nine years, during which time I administered hundreds of bottles of his celebrated Female Bitters, in all the various forms of female disease; such as suppressed, painful and excessive Menstruation, Green Sickness, Whites, Barrenness, &c. I have never known a medicine to equal it, nor do I believe there is a medicine known to the world that is superior to it for the above mentioned diseases. Its effects are mild, pleasant, innocent, and in no way the least injurious. From my long experience in the use of this medicine, I can safely recommend it to every afflicted female.

D. P. WHITE, M. D.

Greensburg, Ky., June 7, 1847.

We have been acquainted with Dr. Taylor's celebrated Female Bitters for a number of years; we have used them in our families and can with great confidence recommend them to the public as the most valuable and innocent female medicine we have ever known.

Thos. W. Lisle. J. M. S. McCorkle. Beverly Marshall. Wm. B. Allen. John Barret. Coleby Cowherd. Wm. W. Stockton. Wm. W. Waring.

Green County, Ky., May 24, 1847.

My second wife previous to our marriage and during her marriage with a former husband had been in very bad health for upwards of twenty years, so much so that she never had issue, until she took Dr. Taylor's celebrated Female Bitters, which restored her to perfect health and she soon gave birth to a fine and healthy child.

I have known these Bitters for about twenty years, and know them to be used in many other cases with the desired effect. I believe them to be the most valuable female medicine I ever knew.

YELVERTON COWHERD.

Green Co., Ky., April 15, 1847.

I have known Dr. Taylor's celebrated Female Bitters to have the most happy effect (in four instances) in restoring to perfect health females who had been for a number of years suffering all that woman could suffer from those derangements to which females alone are subject; one case in particular seemed to be hopeless, having baffled the skill of eminent physicians for many years. One bottle of the above named medicine regulated her health, and she became perfectly healthy.

H. L. MUDD.

**WILSON'S HOTEL.**

Main-Street, Hodgenville, Kentucky. The undersigned having opened the above House, which he has newly furnished, is now prepared to accommodate all who may patronize him. He also has good Stables, and trusty and prompt Ostlers.

SAM. WILSON.

**FEATHERS WANTED.**

WE want to buy One Thousand Pounds of New Feathers.

NOURSE & HACKLEY.

A VERY large and excellent lot of BRANDIES for medicinal purposes, at from \$3 to \$10 per gallon for sale at the Wholesale and Retail Drug Store of Dr. C. P. MATTINGLY.

Nathaniel Wickliffe and Logan Wickliffe, COUNSELLORS AND ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Bardstown, Kentucky: Office in "Sweets' Row," fronting the Public Square.

WILL attend the Courts in this and the adjoining Counties. All business confided to them will be punctually attended to.

18 CANS superior BALTIMORE OYSTERS, in store and for sale by no 20 COLLINGS & WELLS.

HIGHLY perfumed Cologne, from 5 cts to \$2 per bottle, for sale wholesale and retail by (oct 2) Dr. D. H. COX.

FINE Black, Blue and Red INK for sale wholesale and retail by oct 23 Dr. D. H. COX.

1 BBL. LINSEED OIL, in store, and for sale by dec 4 COLLINGS & WELLS.

BEST Madeira and Claret Wines can be found at Dr. C. P. MATTINGLY'S

## NEW GOODS

WE take pleasure in informing our customers and the public generally, that we have received our stock of

**NEW GOODS** for the Fall and Winter season. We have now on hand a complete assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Shoe Findings, &c., in fact every thing usually found in a retail store, which we will sell low for cash or on the usual credit to punctual customers; we will also exchange Goods for Linsey, Jeans, Feathers, &c. sep 10 NOURSE & HACKLEY.

## GREAT ATTRACTION.

RAUH & BROTHER

HAVE just received a full stock of FALL AND WINTER Staple and Fancy

## DRY GOODS

AND CLOTHING.

selected with care and suitable for this market.

**CONSISTING PARTLY OF**

200 pieces French English & American Prints, beautiful patterns; 180 wool long Shawls, late styles; 100 cotton do do A lot of Silk and Broche Shawls, new styles; A lot of wool Dress Handkerchiefs, do A lot of plain and fig'd and various colors Brocade; A lot of do do Dress Silks; A lot of Irish Linens, all numbers; 260 pieces Satin and Bonnet Ribbons; a lot of Lute String, all widths; Thread Lace; Valencia do. and Cotton Edgings, Silk and other Veils; Cashmere & cotton Hose; Tuck, Side, Redding and Pocket Combs; Sewing Slides, of all colors; Patent and Spool Thread of Gilt & Sundry; Ladies' and Gentlemen's Cotton Gloves of superior qualities; Kid Gloves, the best; and lots of cheap Brown and Bleached Cottons and other Dry Goods too numerous to be mentioned.

**LADIES' and GENTLEMEN'S**

**SHOES, BOOTES and BOOTS.**

Don't forget one door North of the Central Exchange, east side of Main Street. [09] R. & BRO.

## PATENT BUCKET CHURN.

THE subscriber is Manufacturing and has on hand a lot of the above superior article of

**PATENT CHURNS,**

which he warrants to equal in convenience and usefulness any article of the kind now manufactured.

See certificates below of well known citizens of Nelson County.

aug 21 THOS. ANDERSON I hereby certify that I have been using Mr Anderson's Patent Churn for about 2 months, and I am able to say that it will complete a churning in ten minutes from the time you commence churning without turning very fast.

GEO. M. HAYS.

I hereby certify the same as stated above, aug 13th, 1851 J. F. QUEEN.

The above named Churn can be gotten at the store of Nourse & Hackley, or at my my shop on Cedar Creek.

## BARDSTOWN FEMALE ACADEMY.

THE next Session of the Bardstown Female Academy will open on the First Monday in September, 1851. The Academy is furnished with a very complete Philosophical Apparatus. The REGULAR and EXTRA Courses are liberal, and conducted by Teachers of established reputation.

**CHARGES OF REGULAR COURSE: PER TERM.**

Primary Department, . . . . .	\$ 8 00
Junior, " 1st Section, . . . . .	12 00
" 2d Section, . . . . .	16 00
Senior, " 1st Section, . . . . .	16 00
" 2d Section, . . . . .	19 00

**EXTRA COURSE.**

Instruction on Harp and Use of Instruments, . . . . .	20 00
Instruction on Piano and Use of Instruments, . . . . .	20 00
Instruction on Guitar and Use of Instruments, . . . . .	14 00
Instruction in French, German, Latin or Greek, . . . . .	10 00
Drawing and Painting in Water Colors 12 00 or Oils, . . . . .	15 00

Needle-Work free of charge.

Reference made to all the Patrons.

J. V. COSBY, Principal.

Bardstown, August 7, 1851.—34-t

## FARM FOR SALE.

THE undersigned will sell or lease for a term of years the farm on which he lives, lying one and a half mile North of Bardstown between the Louisville Turnpike and Shepherdsville Road, and about halfway between Bardstown and Nazareth. There are 370 ACRES OF LAND, all of which is suited for cultivation,—with many never failing springs and streams of water—about 150 acres in cultivation, with an excellent meadow and a Young Orchard of select Fruits of great variety. There is a good BRICK DWELLING HOUSE, with eight rooms—a Brick Kitchen and a large new BARN and STABLES and CORN CRIBS and other out buildings all new, and in excellent repair. The whole farm is in a good state of cultivation and repair—a large quantity of Corn, Oats and Hay—Farming Utensils and a good stock of Horses, Cattle and Hogs, and Household and Kitchen Furniture, all well suited to the premises, and would be sold with the Farm. The terms will be made easy to purchasers. Any person wishing to purchase a very desirable home will call on the undersigned or on Dr. HICKMAN, in Bardstown, who will show the premises.

THOMAS W. RILEY.

Nov. 6, 1851.—47—6t

## LITTLE MIAMI RAILROAD.

Notice to shippers of Horses, Cattle, Hogs, Hemp, Tobacco, &c., to New York and other points on the New seaboard.

THE line of Railroad from Cincinnati to Cleveland, connecting by regular lines of steamers at Dunkirk with the New York & Erie Railroad, and at Buffalo with the Buffalo & Albany Railroad, are prepared to transport the above articles at low rates, and in much less time than by any other route. Dealers and shippers are requested to give the route of the Road to give satisfaction.

For further information, and rates, apply at the Freight Depot on East Front street, Cincinnati.

W. H. CLEMENT, Superintendent.

June 26, 1851.—28—3m.

TIMOTHY SEED for sale by

oct 30 RAUH & BRO.